may bē, hath endured a griefe might equall yours, if both were
juſtly weighed, though wayward fortune did maligne my ſtate,
my derivation was from anceſtors who ſtood equivolent with
mighty Kings, but time hath rooted out my parentage, and to
the world and aukward caſualties, bound me in ſervitude, I
will deſiſt, but there is ſomething glowes upon my cheeke, and
whiſpers in mine eare, Goe not till he ſpeake,

Per. My fortunes, parentage, good parentage to equall mine,
was it not thus, what ſay you?

Mar. I ſaid, My Lord, if you did know my parentage, you
would not doe me violence.

Per. I do thinke ſo, pray you turne your eyes upon me, y'are
like ſome-thing that, what Countrey-woman heare of these
ſhewes?

Mar. No, nor of any ſhewes, yet I was mortally brought
forth, and am no other than I appeare.

Per. I am great with woe, and ſhall deliver weeping: my dea-
reſt wife was like this maid, and ſuch a one my daughter might
have beene: my Queenes ſquare browes, her ſtature to an inch,
as wand-like ſtrait, as ſilver voyc'ſt, her eyes as jewell-like, and
caſt as richly, in pace another *Iuno*. Who ſtarves the *eares* ſhe
feedes, and makes them hungry, the more ſhe gives them ſpeech;
where do you live?

Mar. Where I am but a ſtranger, from the decke you may
diſcerne the place.

Per. Where were you bred? and how atchiev'd you theſe en-
dowments which you make more rich to owe?

Mar. If I ſhould tell my hiſtory, it would ſeeme like lies diſ-
daind in the reporting.

Per. Prethee ſpeake, falſeneſſe cannot come from thee, for
thou lookeſt modeſt as juſtice, and thou ſeemſt a *Pallas* for the
crownd truth to dwell in, I will beleeve thee, and make my ſen-
ces credit thy relation, to points that ſeeme impoſſible, for thou
lookſt like one I loved indeed; what were thy friends? Didſt
thou not ſtay when I did puſh thee backe, which was when I
perceiud thee that thou cam'ſt from good diſcent.

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parenta
beene toſt from wrong to
griefes might equall mine,
Mar. Some ſuch thing I
thoughts did warrant me w
Per. Tell thy ſtory, if th
part of my endurance, thou
gyrle, yet thou doſt looke li
and ſmiling extremity out
loſt thou thy name, my mo
thee, Come ſit by me.
Mar. My name is *Ma*
Per. Oh I am mockt, a
hither to make the world t
Mar. Patience good ſir,
Per. Nay ile be patient
ſtartle me, to call thy ſelfe
Mar. The name was gi
my father and a King.
Per. How, a Kings dau
Mar. You ſaid you wo
ble of your peace, I wille
Per. But are you fleſh a
Have you a working pul
Motion well ſpeake on, w
And wherefore cald *Mar*
Mar. Cald *Marina*, f
Per. At ſea! who wa
Mar. My mother was
minute I was borne, as m
vered weeping.
Per. O ſtop there a litt
That ere dull ſleepe did m
This cannot be my daugh
Ile heare you more to the
terrupt you.
Mar. You ſcorne, belee

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22339) LONDON, 1635 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bu